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MY DEAR BROTHER:

We send to you, as a friend of the Indian race, this Article of our Indian girl, "VADA." It tells its own pathetic story. "VADA" is a Christian girl, 16 years of age. She is a member of this "WORCESTER INDIAN ACADEMY OF VINITA," the *only* Congregational Indian Mission School of the Am. H. M. Society.

Please read the article yourself on account of its merits and thrilling interest, and we know you will desire to have it read to your Sunday School and Missionary Society. It will give you some idea of the class of minds we are given to work upon, the kind of work we, as a denomination, are called to do, and the blessed results we may expect. Let us make this one Indian school worthy of our name, and an evidence of our sincere purpose, in the place of abuse and wrong, to do justice to the Indian race; to elevate and save the people of these tribes.

We greatly need funds. With the needed money at hand, we can furnish here, in this Indian Land, equal, and better results, than can be attained outside and at a distance. Can you not, will you not help us? If you desire special information about our life and work among the Indians, we will answer, to be read to your Sunday School or Missionary Society, any letter you may send us, and any questions you may ask.

Funds may be sent to the Secretaries of the A. H. M. Soc., or may be sent here.

Yours Sincerely,

ISAAC N. CUNDALL,

Principal of The Worcester Indian Academy of Vinita,

VINITA, I. T.

THE WORCESTER ACADEMY OF VINITA,
AN INDIAN SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

PAGES

— FROM —

Cherokee Indian History,

AS IDENTIFIED WITH

SAMUEL AUSTIN WORCESTER, D.D.,

THE BRAVE A HERETIC TO THE AMERICANS
AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

A Paper

READ AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF WORCESTER ACADEMY,
AT VINITA, IND. (THE JUNE 18, 1881)

BY MISS NEVADA COUCH,

A MEMBER OF THE BOARD

PUBLISHED FOR THE INSTITUTION

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The Worcester Academy of Vinita.

Is a Congregational Mission School, intended especially to give the best educational advantages to Indian boys and girls.

It is located at Vinita, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory.

It was established, and is supported by the American Home Missionary Society.

It has a Board of Directors, composed of the best citizens of the locality.

Only a Nominal Tuition is charged to students, about sufficient to meet the incidental expenses of the school.

The Salaries of the Teachers are paid from Congregational Home Missionary funds at New York.

The Home Missionary Society at New York appoints the teachers, and furnishes the funds.

The school is dependent on the beneficent regard of the friends of Indian Missions. Material interest in this work is urgently solicited.

The condition of the Academy is prosperous, increasingly so. Its efficiency would be greatly promoted if buildings could be immediately erected for boarding and trades purposes.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION. — Rev. L. N. Cundall, Principal; Miss Ada A. Durham, Miss Cordelia Myers, Miss Madge Goodykoontz, Assistants. By either of whom letters of inquiry will be promptly answered.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHEROKEE.

Ꭰ୍ୟୁତ୍ ଶାଵା ରେ, ଶାମାଜିଗ୍ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥି ଶଗିତ. ଗୋଗା କିର
ନେସୁତ. ଧର୍ମ ଓହିଫୁଟେ ଓତୋତେତ, ଥର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳ ଶାଵା କିନିଫୁଲୋହ.
ହେବୁର କଶିଲୁବା ଅୟିବ ଆହ ତେ. ଲ୍ରୋଯିଲ୍ଲାଙ୍ ସାତ୍ୟୁସେଟ, ଥର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳ
କାଶିଫୁଲ୍ଫ କରସ୍ୟ. ଦେ ଲୋହ ଓତାରପାଇ କିର ଥାର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳୋତ୍ତୋତ୍ୟ,
ଅ୍ୟାଗ୍ରେବେର କରାମାଲ୍ୟାନ୍ ଓହ କର୍ତ୍ତ. ଗ୍ରିଫ୍ଫ ଗୋଗା କର୍ତ୍ତ, ଦେ
ଗଫ୍ରିଯାଳ କର୍ତ୍ତ, ଦେ ରଗାଲାଜିଗ୍ କିର ହାତ୍ୟାତ. ରୋହୋ.

INTERPRETATION, WITH PRONUNCIATION ACCORDING TO THE ALPHABET.

aw gi daw da | ga lv la di ehi | ga lv quo di yu | ge se
sdi | de tsa daw v i | dsa gv wi yu hi ge sv | wi ga na nu
gaw i | a ni e law hi | wi dsi ga li sda | ha da nv ste gv i |
na sgi ya | ga lv la di | tsi ni ga li sdi ha | ni da daw da
qui sv | aw ga li sda yv di | sgi v si | gaw hi i ga | di ge sgi
v si quo naw | de sgi du gv i | na sgi ya | tsi li ga yaw tsi
na haw | tsaw tsi du gi | a le tla sdi | oo da gaw le ye di yi
ge sv | wi di sgi ya ti nv sta nv gi | sgi yu da le sge sdi quo
sg i ni | oo yaw ge sv i | tsa tse li ga ye naw | tsa gv wi yu
hi | ge sv i | a le | dsa li ni gi di yi | ge sv i | a le | e dsa lv
quo di yu | ge sv | ni gaw hi lv i | e me n.

TRANSLATION.

Our Father | heaven dweller, | Hallowed | be | thy
name. | Thy kingdom | let it make its appearance. | Here
upon earth | take place | Thy will, | the same as | in
heaven | [it] is done. | Daily [adj.] | our food give to us |
this day. | Forgive us | our debts, | the same as | we for-
give | our debtors. | And do not | temptation being | lead
us into [it]. | Deliver us from | evil existing. | For thine |
the kingdom | is, | and | the power | is, | and | the glory |
is, | forever | amen.

PAGES
FROM
CHEROKEE INDIAN HISTORY,
AS IDENTIFIED WITH
DR. S. A. WORCESTER,
BY
MRS. NEVADA COUCH.

Our Institution is called Worcester Academy, in honor of Rev. Samuel Austin Worcester, D. D., a true and tried friend of the Cherokee people.

It is the purpose of this essay to collect such facts as may be available, from whatever source and in whatever form, pertaining to the early and later life of this eminently faithful and good man, with some leading facts of Cherokee Indian history identified with it.

Rev. Samuel Austin Worcester was sprung from an honored ancestry. The "Worcester Family Record" traces him back through eight generations of ministers of the gospel. He was the son of Rev. Leonard Worcester, of Peacham, Vt. His mother was Elizabeth Hopkins, daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D. D., of Hadley, Mass.

He was born January 19, 1798, at Worcester, Mass., from which place, when the child was quite young, his father removed to Peacham, Vt., to become pastor of the Congregational Church at that New England town. The father had been a printer, and left that occupation to enter the ministry. An illustrated family bible is said to

be in the hands of the family, which was published by him and printed with his own hand. Here the lad grew up, and in the Academy of Peacham, then under the celebrated *Jeremiah Evarts, he was fitted for college.

The Church of which his father was pastor was feeble, and the means its salary furnished the family was limited. Consequently we find young Worcester, when ready for college, walking the seventy-one miles distance to Burlington, in the fall of 1815, that he might enter the "University of Vermont," of which his uncle, after whom he was named, Rev. Dr. Samuel Austin, was president.

He remained in college through the entire course, and graduated, with the honors of his class, in 1819. He experienced religion in his sophomore year, during a college revival, and connected himself with the college church by profession, in September, 1817. After the delay of a year in teaching, he entered the Theological Seminary, at Andover, where he graduated in 1823.

After leaving Andover he was employed in the Missionary Rooms at Boston, with Jeremiah Evarts, who had succeeded his uncle as Secretary, and by him was advised to become a missionary to the Cherokee Indians, and learn their language, which was then considered as difficult as the Chinese. He was ordained to the gospel ministry in Park Street Church, Boston, with Elnathan Gridley, Aug. 25, 1825, his father preaching the sermon.

He was married July 19, 1825, to Miss Ann Orr, daughter of Hon. John Orr, of Bedford, New Hampshire—a woman who possessed a large share of common sense, coupled with a good degree of vivacity and wit—a pupil of the excellent educator of women, Mr. Joseph Emerson, of Byfield, and a schoolmate of Mary Lyon. Though plain in person, her conversational powers were of a high order. Her home education partook of the Puritan sort, of which she was never ashamed.

*Afterwards Secretary Evarts of the A. B. C. F. M., author of the "William Penn Letters in behalf of the Indians," and father of Ex. Secretary, &c., Wm. M. Evarts.

The churches at the East during the years immediately preceding, had become intensely interested in the work of Foreign Missions. This interest succeeded the years of wonderful revival in New England, the results of which had become specially manifested in the young men who were in course of education in the colleges of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The missionary interest which had become marked at Williams' College, and made sacred by the names, Mills, Hall and Richards, soon identified itself in special organizations for the spread of the Gospel abroad.

When Mr. Worcester had completed his studies, this interest had become directed in this country to the Indian tribes, and by the side of Mills, Hall, Richards, stood now afresh the honored names of Mayhews, Elliot and Brainerd. Already a movement had been made among the Cherokees, at their old home in Georgia. What more natural than that, six days after his ordination, we should find Mr. Worcester and his excellent wife, in the earnestness of their Christian zeal, leaving home and its endeared associations ; he, desiring to give his life and labors where he felt the Lord directed his steps, offering himself to the service of the then only Missionary Board representing his own faith and the faith of his fathers.

So they embarked from Boston, August 31, 1825, for life-long labor to the Cherokee Nation, whose development and interest Mr. Worcester had most heartily adopted, and to which he was to give the busy years of a struggling devoted life.

They arrived at Brainerd, East Tennessee, on the borders of Georgia, October 21, 1825, where they labored until 1828, when they removed to New Echota.

In 1816 Dr. Samuel Worcester, pastor of the Tabernacle Church, at Salem, Mass., the first Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in whose church the five first foreign missionaries, three years before, had been ordained, wrote, congratulating Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, on his success in having estab-

lished, the year previous, among the Cherokees, by aid of an Indian chief, the site of the Brainerd Mission, on the banks of the Chickamauga—"a point ten miles from the place made famous forty-seven years later by the repulse of the Union army, on the banks of the creek which some rebel termed the "River of Death," and seven miles, also, from the brow of that Lookout Mountain, where, in "the battle of the clouds," the Confederacy received a stunning blow. The Missionaries called it Brainerd. A neighboring height still bears the name of "Mission Ridge." Little thought he then that only five years later his own spirit would take its flight heavenward from that very spot.

A few weeks before the arrival of the nephew and his wife at Brainerd, where the boarding school for Cherokee boys and girls had been established and was in operation, Mr. J. C. Ellsworth, the superintendent, on reading a letter from the Secretary of the Board, said: "We are soon to have a minister and an old acquaintance, Samuel A. Worcester, a scholar who can learn the Cherokee language." Reading the next page, he remarked to Miss Sawyer, teacher of the girls' school: "He is just married to Miss Ann Orr, a former school companion of yours." Miss Sawyer at once exclaimed. "A Worcester and an Orr united in marriage! they are strong characters. We shall have to mind our P's and Q's when they get here."

When the people were collected at Brainerd to hear the new missionary preacher for the first time, according to custom, a Cherokee name must be given to him. An old Indian woman said: "He is very white;" and suggested a name in Cherokee which meant "green" Charles Reese, the warrior mentioned in Mrs. Sigourney's "Traits of the Aborigines," was standing by, and exclaimed: "No, no. He knows a great deal; he must have a better name." After considerable discussion in Cherokee, they agreed to call him *A-tse-nu-sti*, "a messenger," and a messenger of good tidings he was ever after to that people.

There was general rejoicing at other stations, on learning that there was now a prospect that tracts, hymns and other

literature would ere long be published, as Guess', or Sequoyah's Syllabic Alphabet, was soon to be used in publishing a national newspaper, partly in English and partly in Cherokee, at New Echota, the capitol of the Nation.

Mr. Worcester and wife spent two years at Brainerd, encouraging and strengthening those of the mission family to whose lot it had fallen to repair, improve and add to the buildings. Here his ingenuity and skill in mechanical work was in requisition. He was slow, patient and generally successful.

Here, at Brainerd, his first child, Ann Eliza, who afterwards became the wife of Rev. W. S. Robertson, was born—a woman of rare intellect and power, who, true to family instincts, has given her whole life to missionary work, in the Cherokee Nation at first, and from the day of her marriage, in the Creek Nation. For many years, and up to this writing, in advanced age, she has been, and is engaged in translating the Bible, hymns and tracts, into the Creek or "*Mus-ko-kee*" language.

His work of translating, with the aid of an educated Cherokee, was soon after interrupted by the unrighteous laws of Georgia; but the yearly almanac, and two or three important tracts, were scattered among the people, most of whom judged him a very learned man who could know so much about times, seasons, sun, moon and stars.

Dr. Worcester entered most heartily into whatever served the best interests of the Cherokee Nation. When he saw now and unlawful encroachments made upon their lands, the sure precursors of a forced removal, with its

Illinoi Brothoor, 1809 (1809) by Rev. Stephen Foreman, recently deceased, nation of Dr. Worcester, of Vinita. Of Mr. Foreman, the *Mississippi Herald*, Dec. 18—, has this notice: "Mr. Stephen Foreman, a Cherokee young man, who received his elementary education at the Mission School of Dr. Worcester's Creek, and after attending to some preparatory studies with Mr. Worcester at New Echota, spent one year at the Union Theological Seminary, in Princeton, and another at that in Princeton, New Jersey, in the study of theology, was licensed to preach by the Union Presbyterian Synod, Tennessee, about the first of Oct. 1833. His pronunciations with animation and fluency in the Cherokee language, and promises to be highly useful as an evangelist among his people."

The emigrations for which were made, year by year, by the celebrated patriotic tribe, Benjamin Greenleaf, of Bradford, Mass.

attendant hardships and cruelties, his heart was touched with sympathy, and he spoke boldly and acted fearlessly in their defense. He, and the other missionaries who acted in concert with him, became marks for the special hostility of those who were determined to deprive the Indians of their country and their homes.

Dr. Worcester regarded the course they were pursuing as both wicked and cruel, and the laws they were enacting, as unconstitutional.

When the shafts of persecution fell, they struck the missionaries first. By various machinations, the consent of a small minority, the Missionary, Rev. Mr. Willey says: "sixty men, and no chiefs," was declared to be the will of the nation to give up their lands; and the whole nation was ordered to leave. Pending negotiations on their behalf, by which it was hoped the Indians could remain, Dr. Worcester resisted the law, and encouraged the determination of the Cherokees to remain unless removed by force.

For his firm fidelity to the Cherokees and what he believed to be right, he was arrested time, time and again. The first time, while in the midst of his duties, on Sunday, March 13, 1831, he was arrested by the Georgia Guard, representatives of a Christian State, carried more than 100 miles, and discharged. He was arrested again by the Georgia Guard, July 7, 1831, treated with rudeness and insult, and put in prison, after being marched on foot many miles. He was released July 23, on giving security for his appearance in court in September. During these transactions Mrs. Worcester was, and had been for some time previous, confined to her bed by sickness. The following sentences from his letter to his Excellency, George R. Gilmer, then Governor of Georgia, will show the firm temper and spirit of Christian fidelity and faith of the devoted man, whose name every Cherokee has high reason to revere. Referring to charged criminal hostility to the humane policy of the General Government, he says: "I cannot suppose that your Excellency refers to those efforts

for the advancement of the Indians in knowledge, and in the arts of civilized life, which the general government has pursued ever since the days of Washington, because I am sure that no person can have so entirely misrepresented the course which I have pursued during my residence with the Cherokee people. . . . If the opposition is that I have had the misfortune to differ in judgment with the Executive of the United States in regard to the tendency of those measures recently enacted for the removal of this and other tribes, and that I have freely expressed my opinion, I cheerfully acknowledge the fact, and can only add that this expression of opinion has been unattended with guilt. . . . Shall I, then, abandon the work in which I have engaged? Your excellency is already acquainted in general with the nature of my object, and my employment, which consists in preaching the Gospel, and making known the Word of God among the Cherokee people. As to the means used for this end, aside from the regular preaching of the Word, I have had the honor to commence the work of publishing portions of the Holy Scriptures and other religious books in the language of the people. I have the pleasure of sending to your Excellency a copy of the Gospel of Matthew, of a hymn book and a small tract, consisting chiefly of extracts from Scripture, which, with the aid of an interpreter, I have been enabled to prepare and publish. The Tract of Scripture Extracts has been published since my trial and acquittal by the Superior Court. My own view of duty is that I ought to remain and quietly pursue my labors for the spiritual welfare of the Cherokee people until I am forcibly removed. If I am correct in the apprehension that the State of Georgia has no rightful jurisdiction over the territory where I reside, then it follows that I am under no moral obligation to remove in compliance with her enactments; and if I suffer in consequence of continuing to preach the Gospel and diffuse the written word of God among this people, I trust that I shall be sustained by a conscience void of offence, and by the anticipation of a righteous decision at that tribunal from which there is no appeal."

Dr. Worcester was arrested the third time August 17, 1831, but released the next day, on account of the death of his youngest daughter, to attend whose funeral he had just reached home, after a sad ride of 52 miles, to his sick wife and bereaved family.

He was finally arrested, with Dr. Butler, and taken before the Superior Court of Georgia, on the 15th of September, 1831, and on the following day they were sentenced, by Judge Clayton, of Georgia, to four years' imprisonment at hard labor, in the Georgia Penitentiary, at Milledgeville.

It is true, all this was claimed to be under cover of law, but a law aimed at the missionaries, because they stood in the way of the most nefarious plans.

When the State of Georgia sent a guard to arrest him, he called his family together in his wife's sick room, and, inviting the soldiers also, he conducted family worship with accustomed ease, and then, gently bidding adieu to his wife and little daughters, he followed the guard to the court room, several miles away, attended by no counsel, and to plead his own cause, though he was a postmaster at the time, and, as a United States official, exempted from their authority.

In January, 1831, Mr. Worcester and his companions had received notification of a law requiring all white men residing on the Cherokee lands to take the oath of allegiance to the State of Georgia and get a license from the Governor, under penalty, if found there after the first of the following March, of penitentiary imprisonment at hard labor for not less than four years. It was under this law they were to stand trial.

When the blow fell and the sentence was finally given, Dr. Worcester, leaving his sick family, accepted it with all its indignities—the hardship, cruelty and persecution it betokened.

Nine other persons were arrested, tried and sentenced to the same punishment by this court, among whom was a Methodist minister, Mr. Trott, (father of the Trott Bros. of

Vinita,) and a Cherokee named Proctor. The latter was for two nights chained by the neck to the wall of the house, and by the ankle to Mr. Trott, and marched two days chained by the neck to a wagon ; and Dr. Butler was marched also with a chain about his neck, and part of the time in pitch darkness, with the chain fastened to the neck of a horse. So says Dr. Bartlett in his "Sketch of the North American Indians."

As they came within sight of the penitentiary walls, one of the guard called out in derision : " Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Mr. Worcester said the speaker little knew the comfort he gave.

On their way to the penitentiary at Milledgeville, they sometimes passed villages where Christians indulged in a measure of sympathy for them. At one of these villages they spent the night, and, by request of the pastor of the church, were permitted to attend the Monthly Concert of Prayer. The leader, a Eastern man, read and sung the psalm —

"*Abandon the ways of Zion's tribes,
I will be above the noise of God.*"

At the close of the service the pastor's wife exclaimed : "An everlasting blot on the State of Georgia!"

On their arrival at the gates of the penitentiary, pardon was offered to the whole on condition that they would promise not again to reside in the Cherokee country. With this offer all complied, except Dr. Worcester and Dr. Butler, who were accordingly thrust into prison. They were, like the other convicts, arrayed in the prison garb, and Mr. Worcester was set to work at the cabinet-maker's trade, while his companion, Dr. Butler, took the shoemaker's bench.

"But in some cases, even Presbyterian Ministers condemned them, and when their wives were on their way to see them urged that they should use their influence to lead their husbands to submit to the Georgia law as a Christian duty. Mrs. Worcester's answer to one of these wives, 'If we thought we would say one word to weaken the purpose of our husbands we would not go another step.'

During the time they were separated from their families and labors, condemned to an ignominious punishment, and shut up in a penitentiary with felons, they had been placed in a most trying situation, requiring great fortitude and a firm reliance on the faithfulness of their covenant God and Saviour. Nor should it be noticed with less gratitude that they were enabled so well to maintain the Christian character, and to exhibit in all the trials and sufferings to which they were subjected, that meekness and benevolent forbearance which the Gospel requires. It is believed that in all their correspondence there was not one word which indicated an angry, unforgiving or vindictive spirit.

They held stated religious services on the Sabbath, and during the last five or six months all the prisoners were assembled, and Mr. Worcester was requested by Col. Mills, the keeper, to preach to them one-half the day. A spirit of inquiry was to some extent awakened among the prisoners,—a number were savingly and permanently benefited.

Mrs. Worcester and Mrs. Butler visited the prison, and were received kindly by Col. Mills. Mrs. Butler was quite overcome, but Mrs. Worcester carried out her determination that no Georgian should see her tears, lest they should construe them as regretting her husband's course, which she never did.

The second Mrs. Boudinot, in her "Reminiscences," thus describes this visit to the penitentiary:

"When the year came round, it was proposed that Mrs. Worcester and Mrs. Butler, with their children, should visit their husbands and fathers. Accompanied by a kind missionary brother, Rev. William Chamberlin (grandfather of the Chamberlin Bros. of Vinita), eight in number, they travelled over the same rough road, which was made smoother years later when Gen. Sherman left Grant to capture Richmond, while he was marching to relieve our Union boys from a prison equally cruel and unjust. The hand of God was in each. Col. Mills, the

kind keeper, received these families at Milledgeville as Christians, and Gov. Lumpkin and his amiable Northern wife showed them kindness.

"When the children met their fathers in prisoners' garb they shrank back from their proffered embrace, but rallied when smiled upon." It was father and child.

Mr. Worcester and Dr. Butler remained in this incarceration at hard labor, according to the terms of the sentence, for sixteen months, when they were liberated by the Governor, Jan. 14, 1833. They immediately returned to the stations which they had respectively occupied in the Cherokee country, and resumed their labors; but still independent in their consciousness of right, in refusing to take the obnoxious oaths.

The following is a copy of the letter to Gov. Lumpkin, written by Dr. Worcester, which led to his release from the Georgia penitentiary:

⁴ PENITENTIARY, MILLBROOKVILLE, }
Jan. 8, 1833. }

"To his Excellency Wilson Lumpkin, Governor of Georgia,

"SIR: In reference to a notice given to your Excellency on the 28th of November last, by our counsel in our behalf, of our intention to move the Supreme Court of the United States, on the second day of February next, for further process in the case between ourselves individually, as plaintiff in error, and the State of Georgia, as defendant in error, we have now to inform your Excellency that we have this day forwarded instructions to our counsel to forbear the intended motion, and to prosecute the case no further. We beg leave respectively to state to your Excellency, that we have not been led to the adoption of this measure by any change of views in regard to the principles on which we have acted, or by any doubt of the justice of our cause, or of our perfect right of a legal discharge, in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court in our favor already given, but by the apprehension that the further prosecution of the controversy, under existing

circumstances, might be attended with consequences injurious to our beloved country. We are,

Respectfully yours,

(Signed)

S. A. WORCESTER.
ELIZUR BUTLER."

The Governor was highly offended with the latter part of this letter. He thought that it would have been sufficient to give him a simple notice of the withdrawal of their suit, without insulting him with the declaration that they were altogether right, and the State altogether wrong. Whereat, after consultation and deliberation with political friends, a second letter was written, January 9, saying they meant no indignity, etc., but "simply to forbear the prosecution of our case, and to leave the question of the continuance of our confinement to the magnanimity of the State." After five days of deliberation on the Governor's part, and of suspense to them, he was satisfied, and they were told by the keeper of the penitentiary that the Governor had ordered their discharge, but no reply was ever made to the prisoners themselves.

Mrs. Robertson, his daughter, gives an account of this transaction, in a letter to the collator, as follows:

"They would neither forsake their work, or perjure themselves, so took the penalty, and appealed to the Supreme Court. They employed a lawyer, Mr. Chester, to plead their cause. The celebrated Wm. Wirt, then in public life, also volunteered on their behalf, and, refusing compensation, argued the case before the Court. The decision of the United States Supreme Court was given in an order that the missionaries must be set at liberty. The State of Georgia refused to release them, 'except at the point of the bayonet.' After this the missionaries withdrew their suit, thus leaving the question of State Sovereignty *to be settled by bloodshed at a later day.*"

The tale of the removal of the Cherokees from their Georgia home, made dear to them by the most sacred associations, is one of the saddest of the many sad stories of Indian history. After every effort, it was found that no modification of the treaty requiring their removal would

be granted. It had seemed impossible to them that a treaty so iniquitous and oppressive would be executed. The order will be enforced. While the military were gathering around them, like the vultures round their victim, and while numerous fortifications were erected in the country, they remained quietly in their homes. Late in the season, the missionaries celebrated the Lord's Supper for the last time at Brainerd, and sixteen thousand people soon bade a mournful and reluctant adieu to the land of their fathers. A five months' journey was before them. Sick, and well, old men and children, mothers and infants, through the winter months they travelled on, from six to eighteen miles a day. There were births and there were deaths, but the deaths, alas! were two to one. They averaged thirteen deaths a day. They arrived at last, but more than four thousand — more than one-fourth of their whole number — in that ten months' time, they had left beneath the sod. That this shocking mortality and ill-treatment was borne so patiently is a wonder. Religious services were held by the companies along the way, and probably the influence of the missionaries had to do with the prevention of that outburst which had been predicted by the government. The following year, however, brought to an untimely end three of the six men who had sold their country by signing the treaty. Major Ridge was waylaid and shot; John Ridge, his son, was taken from his bed and cut to pieces; Elias Boudinot was decoyed from his house and slain with knives and hatchets.

The Cherokee country had originally comprised more than one-half of the State of Tennessee, the southern part of Kentucky, the southwest corner of Virginia, a considerable portion of the Carolinas, a small portion of Georgia and the northern part of Alabama. It comprised more than 160,000 acres of land. Previous to \$20,27,000,000 were had to be disposed of, leaving still 8,000,000 acres. They left not only their lands, but their homes.

Mr. John Ridge and Mr. Elias Boudinot were cousins, and were schoolmates in the Mission School of the American Board, at Cornwall, 1806. It was here, at Cornwall, that Mr. Boudinot met his lovely and gifted wife, a daughter of Judge Gould of that place. When Mr. and Mrs. Worcester reached the Cherokee country, Miss Delight Worcester, who afterwards became the second Mrs. Boudinot was an excellent teacher in the Brainerd Mission. She still lives at her Eastern home, vigorous at past four score years, and the only one now remaining of the co-workers of those early trying days.

But it must be remembered they had passed through a most terrible trial, during which their deportment had been worthy of a Christian people. Posterity will judge which displayed the higher type of civilization—the Cherokee Nation and John Ross its noble chief, or the Senate of the United States in those years, the President and the Legislature of the Christian State of Georgia.

It is perhaps due to the six men who “signed the lands away” by signing the treaty of 1836, to say, that they claimed to have affixed their names under a positive assurance from Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, the United States agent, that the treaty should not be held binding until the consent of the Ross delegation, then in Washington, had been obtained.

After Georgia extended her laws over the Cherokee Nation, the land was overrun by a very wicked class of her population. The new regime compelled the admission of whisky, with its attendant evils and crimes. Mr. Boudinot felt that the only hope of his people was in getting away as quickly as possible. The “Promised Land” had been pictured in bright colors, and was to be theirs exclusively “while grass grows and water runs.”

Though Dr. Worcester urged Mr. Boudinot *not* to sign the treaty until the consent of the majority had been secured, he thought he could see ruin and misery coming upon his people. He could endure it no longer. He signed the treaty, though he knew, as it so soon proved, his act was at the risk of his own life.

Dr. Worcester regarded him as being at heart as true a patriot as ever lived, and, at his open grave, spoke of this as the only act of his life which he disapproved.* “*They have cut off my right hand!*” he exclaimed, as he reached

*Mrs. Robertson writes: “I do not remember ever to have heard my father speak so strongly of the loveliness, integrity and Christian worth of any one as he did of Mr. Boudinot to the little group of stricken ones that stood around the open grave. And referring to the act which had resulted in that cruel death, he spoke of it as the only instance of his swerving from this general rectitude, saying that even that was caused by his desire for good to his people, and was an instance of that doing of “evil that good may come,” against which the apostle Paul warns us.

the body of his murdered friend. And truly Mr. Boudinot had been his right hand, as interpreter, as translator, and in Christian work. He had been a brother, not only to Dr. Worcester himself, but to the feeble wife left behind, when her husband was in the penitentiary. The daughter, referred to above, says that among her earliest recollections are those of his conducting the exercises at the grave of her little sister, while her father was away on account of the threatened arrest at Brainerd Mission, and while her mother was too sick to be present.

The Rev. Dr. Butler came with the Cherokees on their removal to their home in this new land. He journeyed with the Indian people and shared with them the hardships of the way. Dr. Worcester, his wife and his three little daughters, made the journey in advance of the Cherokees, he having been driven from his work at New Echota, when the daughter, now Mrs. Hitchcock, of Fort Gibson, was but six weeks old. On this account, Mr. Reese, (the same one who had named the father,) named the babe "Ga-tua-ya," "dispossessed," a name with which, she says, she has been well satisfied, as suggesting the sharing of her father's house with the indignities and robberies of the thousands of mourning and disconsolate Cherokee households at that day. In 1815 there were 100,000 Indians east of the Mississippi. Of these 70,000 were Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws and Choctaws. Where are they now? Why, and by what means? It is

Although convinced that the only hope of rescue from destruction to the Cherokee's joy in their removal, he felt it wrong for a man to sign away the country of his tribe without being authorized by the majority. And, in 1800, Mr. Boudinot's love for Dr. Worcester was well shown, when, speaking to another missionary of the circumstances of his signing the treaty and its consequences, he exclaimed, (as I remember his words) with strong emotion, "For myself, I can bear whatever comes upon me, but to see Mr. Worcester thrown into such trouble by my action seems almost more than I can bear."

The fact of Dr. Worcester's coming West before the signing of the treaty, was one of the most important in his life in regard to the feeling excited in many of the Cherokees that he had deserted their cause. Doubtless his suffering in telling in consequence was more keen than during all that he had passed through in Georgia. But his purpose to "spend and be spent" for the Cherokees was never shaken, and when they talked of driving him from among them as a "treaty man," he said if they should, he would set up his printing press just across the line and go on with his work on the Scriptures, in their behalf.

not forgotten—it will go down with our traditions—that in 1838 General Winfield Scott, at the head of 2,000 United States troops, entered our territory and drove us from our homes. Dr. Worcester remained with the Cherokees, faithful and beloved to the time of his death.

Two of Mr. Worcester's most striking traits of character were his humility and his meekness. The meekness with which he bore contradiction was very strongly spoken of in the Presbytery of Maryville, Tenn., of which he was a member for a time. The peculiar circumstances in which he was often placed might have led to complaints of unkind treatment received, but never did a word of the kind escape his lips. His humility was well illustrated on one occasion, when, after his receiving the degree of D. D. from his Alma Mater, a brother minister addressed him as "Dr. Wortceser." "Don't doctor me," he exclaimed in tones so beseeching as to make it really touching; but for once he begged in vain.

What Dr. Rufus Anderson, in the "Memorial Volume," says of his instructor, Jeremiah Evarts, is equally true of the pupil at Brainerd and Park Hill. "His personal appearance was by no means imposing, but he had a mind and a heart that made him a prince in the domain of intellect and of goodness."

Dr. Worcester's daughter, Mrs. Robertson, writes: "It was very pleasant to me, in visiting my father's native town in my own school days, to find how affectionately his memory was cherished there for what he was in his young days among them. The work he did in improving his father's house and grounds in his college vacations was shown me with pride. How little could he have foreseen while his hands were so employed, that he would one day be called upon to use his mechanical skill within the walls of a penitentiary, or that his work would ever be found in a state capitol. My father's cheerful submission to circumstances was shown on his way to the penitentiary, when, before being chained to his bed at night, he walked back and forth singing, the chains attached to his ankles

dragging along the floor. On reaching the gate of the penitentiary, the keeper was not on hand with the key, so while they waited there, my father lay down on the ground and took a good sleep.

"In 1843 I saw Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York, who told me of visiting the two missionaries in the prison, and he said they were the happiest men he ever saw in his life. As to his work among the Cherokees, he was sent out with a special view of giving to the Cherokees books in their own language, and he never lost sight of this object; especially did he long to give them the Bible as fast as possible."

He at one time commenced preparing a Geography for the Cherokees, and pursued it with much zest for a while, and abandoned it because he saw it would take too much time from his work on the Bible.

He had both a Grammar and a Dictionary of the Cherokee language in a forward state of preparation, when he was compelled to leave the place of his labors at New Echota. These manuscripts, with all the rest of his effects, were sunk with a steamboat on the Arkansas.

Dr. Worcester was compelled to remove to Brainerd, beyond the chartered limits of Georgia, March 15, 1834. After waiting there a year, feeling that he was losing time from his great work, and that there was no hope of his being able to resume it permanently east of the Mississippi, he came West with his family, making the journey in a small two-seated ambulance, leaving Brainerd April 8, 1835, and arriving at Dwight, on the Salinas, May 29, 1835. The next fall he removed to the old Union Mission, on Grand River, set up again his mission press, and had printing done for both Cherokees and Creeks, while his house at Park Hill was in building. To that he removed December, 2, 1836. There he established a day school and printing office, and there he built up a church, whose members mourned as for a father when he was "taken from the evil to come," just before the war which proved

so terrible to the nation of his love and care. He labored faithfully at Park Hill until his death, April 20, 1859.

At Park Hill, May 23, 1840, he was bereaved of his wife, who was just such a helpmeet as Mr. Worcester needed during his eventful life. She was one from whom, he often said, he learned much that was of great benefit to him in his work.

Having this family of six motherless children, about a year later he married the second time, Miss Erminia Nash, of Lowville, New York, a lady who had been teaching a mission school at Honey Creek station. She was a most devoted wife while he lived. She survived him thirteen years, and died of paralysis, at Fort Gibson, May 5, 1872. She sleeps near him in the cemetery near Park Hill, the place where for so many years he preached the blessed Gospel.

During twenty years of the twenty-three he lived there, he published an Almanac in Cherokee. This almanac he made a great power for good upon every moral question, especially the subject of temperance. The last number contains a powerful appeal to the Cherokee people for temperance. He was accustomed to travel through the country lecturing on this subject, taking with him a musical instrument, and furnishing himself the hymns and songs. He was author of the "Cherokee Hymn Book."

He expressed a desire not long before his death, to live to prepare a new edition of the Hymn Book, as well as to finish the Bible. He wished to prepare a revised and larger book, saying, "*There is no one else who can do it.*" And he seems to have been correct in this feeling, for the Hymn Book has been reprinted since, with very little change. He felt praise to be a very important part of worship, and never omitted it from family prayers. Even after his children were grown up, and he left with no one to help him in singing, he would sing alone, chanting most frequently, as he could best manage chants on the instrument.

The last number of his Almanac contains the statement, that the Cherokee Bible Society had then been in existence seventeen years, and the Mission Church and Seminary at Park Hill, near Tahlequah, was contributing \$175 per year for foreign missions. Thus, in every department of his work, there was the evidence of excellent planning, a clear taking in of dangers and wants, and a healthy growth.

The practical good sense, and the tender, charitable Christian spirit of Dr. Worcester is seen in the view which he took of the relation of denominations of Christians to each other, where only unimportant matters were involved. He was a Congregationalist from education and from principle. Yet he had no feeling to prevent him from becoming a member of a Presbytery, whenever circumstances prevented his having access to a Congregational Association, or from being a faithful attendant at its meetings, even when distance made it difficult. When with the Cherokees, in their old country, he and his associates did not organize a new and separate Ecclesiastical body, but became at once faithful members of the Presbytery of Maryville. When they came to the new country and everything was to be organized anew, the Congregational form was adopted.

The "Confession of Faith" and the "Covenant of the Church at Park Hill," adopted June 4, 1837, were prepared by him. The creed is very plain and very simple; but whether the *old* or the *new* creed, for substance, I do not know — only one feels on reading it a longing to rest in it entirely.

In the remarks accompanying it, Dr. Worcester says: "The Churches in the Cherokee Nation, commonly called Presbyterian, are not as at present organized, Presbyterian, but Congregational. The difference is not in doctrine, but in the mode of Church Government.

"Each Church has its own Confession of Faith and Covenant. Those here printed are not the Confession of Faith and Covenant of all Congregational Churches, but of the Church at Park Hill.

“ We require those whom we receive from the world to our communion, publicly to assent to our Confession of Faith and Covenant. The Confession of Faith is, therefore, made to include only a few of the most important doctrines of Christian Faith, expressed in terms easily understood, that we may not exclude such as our Saviour accepts.

“ We examine those who offer themselves for admission to the Church, and receive only such as we are led to hope have become children of God, by the renewing of the Holy Spirit.

“ Those who are received are received by vote of the Church, and if any are expelled, they are expelled by vote of the Church.”

And in his letter to the Brethren and Sisters, he adds: “ Remember it is not the joining of the Church, but the Spirit of God dwelling in your heart, and governing your life;—not the *making* of a solemn vow, but the *keeping* of it, which proves your title to eternal life. You are the purchase of the Saviour’s blood—the blood of the Son of God. Let your life honor your Redeemer.”

As a preacher he was simple and earnest, and as a pastor tender and winning—in spirit he was an Edward Payson. One of his daughters says to me: “ I wish to mention a characteristic of my father’s preaching, which I never saw so strongly exhibited in any other man; it was his living faithfully up to the declaration—‘ I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.’ He made this mean that he would never preach a sermon, on whatever subject, in which he would not before its close, so plainly bring in Redemption by Christ as that all might embrace it if they would. His skill in making this come in naturally, with whatever subject or text he might be handling, seemed to me remarkable.”

In the “ Reminiscences ” of Mrs. Boudinot, I find this reference: “ When journeying to Arkansas we did not on every Saturday eve find it consistent to put up for the Sab-

bath near a preaching place, consequently spent the day in our tents as we would in our dwellings when deprived of this privilege. On one such occasion the writer was reading to her husband and children the Biography of William Carey, the early English missionary to India. Mr. R—, whose family tent was near by, came to our tent door, saying: 'Please tell me what you are reading?' In a few words I sketched the outline of the life of this truly great man, who left the shoemaker's bench and with his young family went to India at a period when trials, such as modern missionaries know nothing of, met him for a series of years, but who in his closing years enjoyed a large release, and died a great Oriental scholar, freed from the poverty which at times closely pursued himself and family. Then I added: 'And since the days of the Apostle Paul, who has equalled him?' Mr. R— replied, emphatically: 'You are describing our missionary, Rev. Samuel A. Worcester; and I hope to see the day when his labor for us shall be appreciated, and he be at the head of a College among the Cherokees. Our school fund is ample, as you know.' This honor neither lived to see, but the recent institution at Vinita, under the care and support of the American Home Missionary Society, and in charge of Rev. Prof. Isaac N. Cundall, enjoys his worthy name, much to the gratification of his children, his grandchildren, and one surviving associate—indeed, of a grateful people, who are delighted in knowing that this new seat of learning is being so blessed to the rising generation of the Indian race."

But his anxious mind labored earnestly in interpreting and giving to the Cherokees the Bible. He suffered a long and very painful illness, during which, on his bed, he continued his work, with his interpreter, on the Bible, in Cherokee, as long as he could use his pen, and then dictated as long as he could command his thoughts for the work, the while being obliged to lie in one position, and that *on his face*.

"I would be willing to live for years, suffering as I do now," he exclaimed, "if I could only finish the work of giving the Cherokees the Bible."

The Rev. Mr. Torrey, of the Cherokee Mission, wrote:

"The Lord has removed the main prop of our mission, and taken our dear brother Worcester to himself. He died on Wednesday, April 20 (1859), at a quarter before six in the morning. His death was very quiet, entirely without a struggle. He suffered intensely, but bore all with wonderful patience and cheerfulness.

"It was a great, a very great trial for him to give up the work of translation; he clung to it more closely than he clung to life, and reluctantly gave it over when it became a physical impossibility for him to continue it any longer. The Cherokee of Thessalonians, Titus, Philemon and part of Hebrews is a monument to his perseverance and his eager desire to complete the work which God had entrusted to his hands.

"For some time after he had been obliged to lay aside the work, if a question were presented to him in regard to the rendering or the meaning of a passage, he would arouse himself and throw his whole soul into the matter with an energy which we felt could not but be injurious, and it was found necessary to call his mind to the subject as little as possible.

"Of the magnitude of the loss we have sustained in this bereavement it is needless for me to speak. It will be long, very long, before we find it out in all its length and breadth.

"It is a loss to this people which I fear can never be repaired."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness," was his expression in view of death, and it indicated the longing to be freed from sin, which ruled his life.

A small neat shaft of Rutland marble marks the place at Park Hill where the mortal part awaits the last trumpet's call to immortality.

On the two sides of the shaft are the names of his two wives. The face bears this inscription :

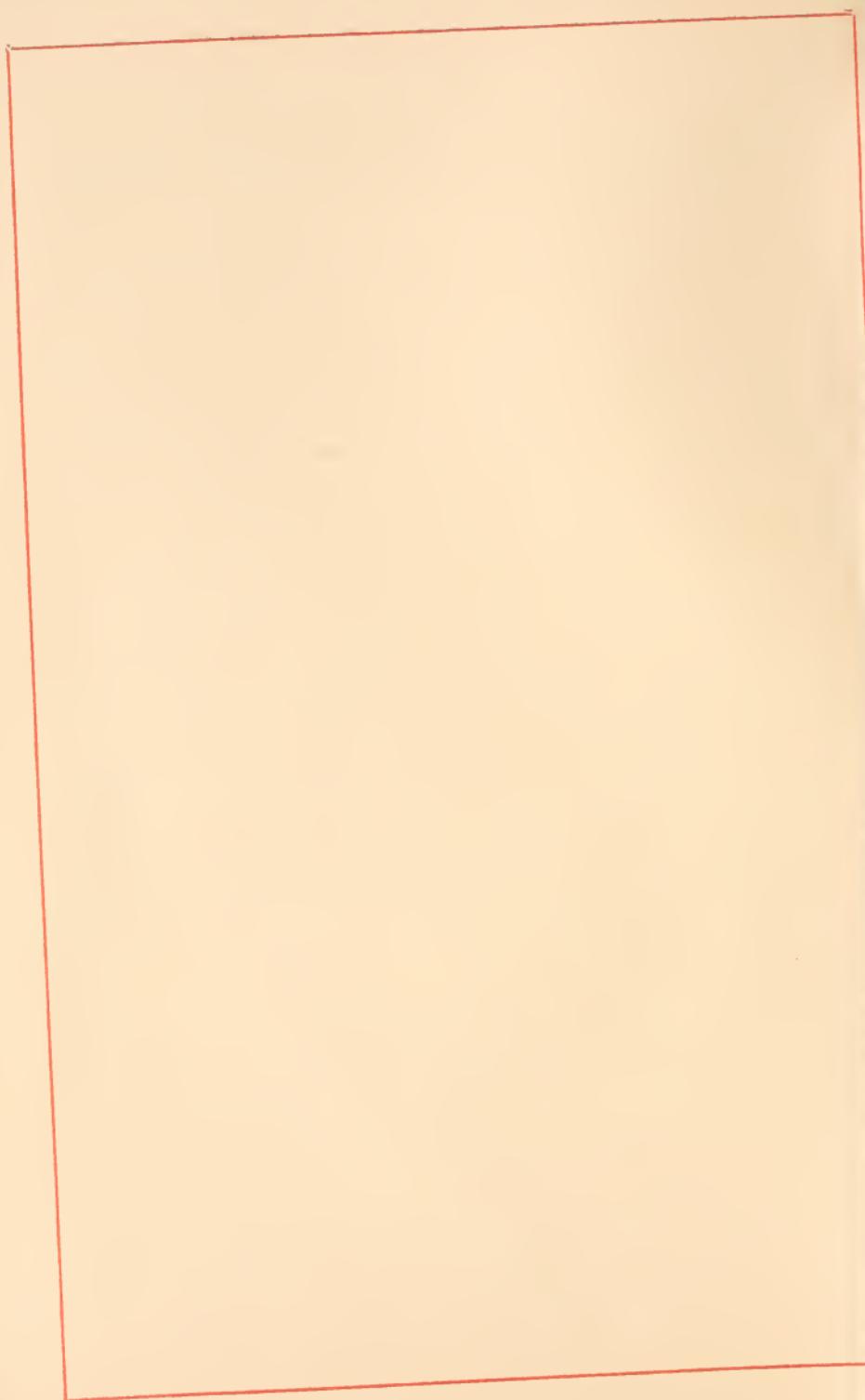
"REV. S. A. WORCESTER, D. D.,

For 34 years a Missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions among the Cherokees. To his work they owe their Bible and Hymn Book."

To this good man, and to such good men as have been sent to us as Missionaries and Missionary Teachers, we owe largely our advanced position among Indian tribes, and the precious advantages we now enjoy.

We echo the sentiment of Dr. Alden, Secretary of the American Board, in his recent address at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of Park Street Church, Boston, where Dr. Worcester was ordained as a Minister of the Gospel, and as a Foreign Missionary: "Let his name, SAMUEL A. WORCESTER, and his history, never be forgotten in connection with the Georgia Penitentiary, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the weary, tragic exodus to Arkansas, and the Academy which now bears his name at Vinita, in the Indian Territory."

May the Academy, whose anniversary we celebrate to-day, be worthy of the name it bears — committed to every good work and struggling heroically, even at cost of suffering, to be a blessing to the Cherokee Nation, for whom the noble Worcester gave his life.





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